

ANNETTE and LUBIN;

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN

ONE ACT.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

ANNETTE RUBIN

COMIC OPERA



ONE

Collier (C)

[Six Pence]

ANNETTE and LUBIN:

A

COMIC OPERA,

I N

O N E A C T.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

I N

COVENT GARDEN.



Dibden (C.) ?
K

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street.

M,DCC,LXXVIII.

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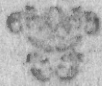
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LONDON

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MDCCLXXVII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following little Piece is an imitation of the French comic operas of one act, which are generally characterized, either by their natural simplicity, or some single striking incident, and little or nothing more is designed.—It is now first attempted to introduce this species of entertainment on the English theatre, as containing excellent situations for light airs.—On the French stage, notwithstanding all their merit, they tire in the length of time taken for representation ; and, were they spun out to the common length of our after-pieces, it is conceived they would be found still more insufficient.

The subject matter therefore being wholly preserved, and the dialogue both varied and compressed, they are, with every deference, submitted to public judgment.

C. DIBDIN.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

C H A R A C T E R S.

M E N.

The Lord of the Manor, Mr. FEARON,
His Bailiff, Mr. WILSON,
Lubin, Mrs. FARRELL

W O M A N.

Annette, Miss BROWN.

C. DIBDIN.

ANNETTE and LUBIN:

COMIC OPERA.

SCENE I.

A view on the borders of the Seine—near the front of the stage is a little cabin made with leaves, not quite finished—Lubin comes on with a load of branches on his back.

A I R.

*'TIS late in the day,
Work away! work away!
At the cottage where Annette's to dwell.
I sing as the branches I fell;
'Tis not fine, 'tis not gay,
But 'tis done for her sake,
And the pains which I take
Love, and her, will repay
Mighty well.*

8 ANNETTE AND LUBIN:

*For a carpet, to serve where she'll tread,
This matting of oxier I spread;
Come, Lubin, my lad, work away!
Love, and Annette, thy toil will repay.*

If the housen of your great folks in town are larger, and a got more chambers than ours, I can tell 'em those within lead sadder lives—Here Annette and I are happier than a king and queen—one branch the more, if we are cold, keeps out the wind and the rain—If we are warm, one branch the less lets in the air to fan us—and, when the sun scorches up the leaves, away trudge I, as I did this morning, to the wood, and bring home a new house upon my back—Annette will be struck all of a heap when she comes home, to see how gay we look (*singing behind*) Ah, there she is! I'll work away without seeming to mind her.

SCENE II.

LUBIN, ANNETTE.

*An. (behind) The village, all, may rave and scold,
To taunt and rail, and jeer, they're free;
The young, with sneers, with threats
the old,
Still Lubin is the lad for me.*

Lub.

Lub. *Here comes Annette !
 Let us nothing forget !
 Well said ! my boy, Lubin, well said !
 Thy toil to compleat,
 On this billock her seat,
 These pansies and violets spread.*

An. (behind) *The Bailly does our conduct blame ;
 Cousins to love !—that must not be ;
 But did the parson cry out shame,
 Lubin is the lad for me.*

Lub. *I hear her, I hear her,
 Come nearer, and nearer ;
 Let's see, have I got ev'ry thing ?
 When she speaks, one may guess,
 How her accents can bless,
 If one's charmed, thus, in hearing her
 sing.*

An. (behind) *They say this joy will end in smart,
 That all the men are false—but he
 Is true, if I may trust my heart,
 And Lubin is the lad for me.*

Lub. *My Annette I hear !
 That Annette so dear,
 Who, so much I regret, when away,
 That the sky seems to lour ;
 And ev'ry hour,
 To me, is as long as a day.*

B

An.

10 ANNETTE AND LUBIN:

*A. (coming on) But, wherefore, in a moment's pain ?
He's here, and I from doubt am free ;
That smile, which welcomes me again,
Says Lubin is the lad for me.*

Both. But, wherefore, in a moment's, &c.

An. Here I am—I am quite out of breath !

Lub. You have been a good while gone !

An. I am sure I run as fast as ever I could.

Lub. Yes, you have made yourself all in a heat—what did you run so fast for ?

An. Oh, that was only as I come back again—when I leave you I go slow enough—Oh ! dear, how fine we are !

Lub. Not very fine, Annette ; but it will be main pretty when thou art within it.

An. Ah ! Lubin, how glad I was to come back to thee!—En't we much happier than the people in town ?

Lub. Happier!—a thousand times ; on the finest days in all the year they shut themselves up in a parcel of quarries ; Is it not true that our cabin is prettier than their fine prisons which they call palaces ?

An. For my part, I wonder they don't come, in the fine weather, and live, two and two, in a little hut, as we do—Have you seen, Lubin, their carpets they are so fond of?—Lord, they en't a quarter so pretty as a bed of daisies !

Lub.

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Lub. And, Annette, hast thee observed how they try to make their walls look like the country, by sticking a parcel of pictures about them?—They say, too, it costs them a mint of money; if that's the case, I am sure they are great fools, for our pictures here are ten times handsomer; and we have them for nothing.

An. Dear me! t'other day, when I carried some milk to my lord's, I heard a band of musick too—Lord, Lubin, what a terrible noise! I could not help saying, if they wanted musick, why did not they come and hear our nightingales?

Lub. Well said, Annette!

An. Ah! but, dear Lubin, I met that nasty Bailly again; and he says he'll come and scold thee for loving me so much.

Lub. Oh! he will, will he?—I'll give him as good as he brings—'tis a plaguy strange thing they can't let us alone—I'cod, in our village, the folks no sooner see two people happy, but they try to make them as miserable as they can.

An. Indeed he frightens me out of my wits—I can't tell thee what a heap of stuff he says—that we are cousins; and that we love one another—I am sure I thought all we did was out of good-will; but he shewed me, as plain as could be, that it was all love, and that love is a terrible thing.

12 ANNETT AND LUBIN:

A I R.

*Young, and void of art or guile,
From ill intentions free;
If love I've cherish'd all this while,
It came in 'spight of me.*

*When you've to me, and I've to you,
Try'd who cou'd kindest prove;
If that was love—what then to do,
To fly from this same love?*

II.

*When absent from you I have mourn'd,
And thought each hour a score;
When, on a sudden, you return'd,
P've thrill'd with joy all o'er;*

*They say 'twas love—I thought 'twas you
Had made my heart thus move;*

*Alas! what can a poor girl do
To fly from this same love?*

III.

*To every thing that you can ask,
What should I say but yes?
It is because I like the task,
I freely grant each kiss.*

You're

You're all to me—I'm all to you—

This truth our deaths would prove

Were we to part—What then to do,

To fly from this same love?

Lub. Never mind them, Annette,—we'll be happy in spite of them—I'll go and see that the sheep don't stray from the valley—and then you shall hear what I'll say to Mr. Bailly.

S C E N E III.

ANNETTE and the BAILLY.

An. (*Sitting in the cabin.*) I don't care if they won't let me love Lubin, I'll never love any body, especially after being to him as I am.—Poor soul, what pains he takes for me, and then we have neither kin nor kind!—and as I often says, who should love us if we don't love one another? (*Here the Bailiff, who had stole behind the cabin to listen, puts the branches aside and thrusts in his head and hands.*)

Bail. E'nt you ashamed of yourself?

An. Lord! you frightened me out of my wits.

Bail. Are these the lessons of your late mother?—The poor woman!

An.

14 ANNETTE AND LUBIN:

An. Why what's the matter with you?—You are always in a passion.

Bail. Did she instruct you to listen to the men?

An. Oh Lord! I never does any such thing.

Bail. And Lubin, you baggage, Lubin!

A I R.

Bail. *They tell me you listen to all that he says;
That each hour of the day you are full of
his praise;
That you always together your flocks lead to
graze;
Is this true, damsel?*

An. *Yes, Mister Bailly.*

Bail. *They tell me, also, you are so void of grace,
As to brag that dear form, and that sweet
pretty face,
That young dog shall be welcome to kiss and
embrace;
Is this true, damsel?*

An. *Yes, Mister Bailly.*

II.

Bail. The neighbours all say, though I credit them
not,
They have heard you declare, that content
with your lot,
Any King you'd refuse for that lout and a
cot;
Is this true, damsel?

An. Yes, Mister Bailly.

Bail. But one thing I vow, frights me out of my
life,
'Tis allowed on all hands, that is barring
the strife,
That you both live together just like man and
wife;
Is this true, damsel?

An. Yes, Mister Bailly.

Bail. How!—How's this, you have granted
him then—

An. Every thing, I can assure you—I should
be sorry indeed if Lubin and I had any thing to
refuse one another.

Bail. What confidence!—And pray tell me,
the first time this misfortune happened to you,
did it not thunder and lighten? Did not the sun
hide itself?

I

An,

16 ANNETTE AND LUBIN:

An. Oh no, 'twas the finest day I ever saw
in all my life.

Bail. But do you know what a crime you
have been guilty of?

An. I don't know what a crime is—But for
what has happened, I can safely swear, 'twas all
done out of love and kindness; and not out of
malice the least bit in the world.

Bail. You are cousins, I tell you.

An. Well, suppose we are?

Bail. Suppose you are! Why in that consists
the crime.—My Lord is hunting hard by, he
must be made acquainted with this affair.—
Lord! Lord! What will this world come to?

A I R.

*Lord! Lord! if to pass are permitted these ways,
We shan't quietly sleep in our beds;
It calls out for vengeance, and one of these days,
The thunder will fall on our heads.*

*And shall I such enormities tamely behold,
Who fight under Justice's banner?
Who as Bailiff, and Steward, am placeman two-fold,
To his honour, the Lord of the Manor.*

H.

II.

If your mother, you baggage, was not dead and gone,

*Between you and that wicked young thief,
We should shortly see written upon her tomb stone,
That her daughter had killed her with grief.*

And shall I, &c.

S C E N E IV.

ANNETTE and LUBIN.

An. Dear me, I am all in a twitter—What wickedness have poor Lubin and I been guilty of? For after all we have done no harm to any body.

Lub. What's the matter, Annette?—You are crying.

An. Oh Lubin, the Bailly has been here, and he says that we have been guilty of a crime—Do you know what a crime is, Lubin?

Lub. A crime!—Yes, a crime is a very wicked thing—'Tis a crime to take away a life, but I never heard 'twas a crime to give it.—The Bailly is an old fool, and does not know what he says.

An. I am sure he is a wicked man to come here and make me all in a tremble.—I could cry my eyes out!—The poor child will hate its mother, the Bailly told me so—and we have been guilty of a sin.

Lub. What sin, my dear Annette?

C

A I R.

A I R.

Lub. 'Tis true that oft, in the same mead,
We both have led our flocks to feed,
Where by each other's side we've sat ;

An. Alas ! there was no harm in that !

Lub. 'Tis true, for thee, this cot I rose,
Where thou takest pleasure to repose ;
For which I found the greenest plat ;

An. Alas ! there was no harm in that !

II.

Lub. 'Tis true, when tired thou fain would rest,
And thy dear lips to mine I've press'd,
Thy breath, so sweet ! I've wondered at ;

An. Alas ! there was no harm in that !

Lub. Ah ! but 'tis true, when thou hast slept,
Closer and closer have I crept ;
And while my heart went pit-a-pat—

An. Alas ! there was no harm in that.

Lub. Ay, ay, we may think, but 'twill be
no easy matter to find any harm we have done ;
—hang it, Annette, let them talk till their hearts
ach, and let us love one another in spite of
them.

An. The Bailly said my Lord was a coming
this way, and he'd acquaint him with it.

Lub. Wounds, Annette, I desire no better !
—My Lord is kindness itself, that every body
knows.

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knows, and we should be the first unfortunate folks that went away from him with heavy hearts.

An. Dear Lubin! I shan't be able to look at him.

Lub. Never fear.

An. Here comes the Bailly—I'll hide myself.
[she goes into the hut.]

SCENE V.

LUBIN, and the BAILLY.

Lub. Oh, ho, you are come, Mr. Bailly.

Bail. O you vile wretch! how dare you look me, or any other honest man, in the face, after abusing the lost Annette?

Lub. Vile wretch, in your teeth, Mr. Bailly.—Annette is not lost, she is in our cabin—'tis you, with your meddling, has vexed her, and put a heap of stuff in her head.

Bail. What, you pretend you have not robb'd her of what ought to be dearest to her in the world?

Lub. Me!—of what?

Bail. Of what!—her innocence, and her honour!

Lub. I tell you I love her more than my life; and if I have done her any wrong, here I stand to make it good—Marry us! who hinders you?—I'cod we desires no better.

Bail. 'Tis impossible! and you must be separated for ever.

20 ANNETTE AND LUBIN:

Lub. You are a wicked man to propose such a thing, Mr. Bailly; who's to take care of Annette and her innocent child?—me be separated from her—you shall kill me first, I can tell you that.

Bail. The law will oblige you to it.

Lub. The law shall do no such thing.

(*putting on his hat.*)

Bail. Oh the little impudent rascal, how he rails against the law!

Lub. Oh the great wicked men, to want me to leave Annette! Come here, Annette.

A I R,

*A plague take all such grumbling elves,
If they will rail, so be it;
—Because we're happier than themselves,
They can't endure to see it.*

*For me I never shall repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us;
For love and Annette shall be mine,
Tho' all the world forsake us.*

II.

*Then, dear Annette, regard them not,
The hours we'll pass on gayly,
And laugh at every snare and plot,
Of that old doating Bailly.*

No

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*No never, Annette, thou'lt repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us;
For love and Lubin shall be thine,
Though all the world forsake us.*

SCENE Last.

All the CHARACTERS.

Bail. Here comes my Lord ; we shall hear what you'll say to him.

Lub. I shan't be afraid to tell him the truth, any more than you. Come here, Annette, don't be ashamed ; here is his Honour's Lordship.

Bail. Your Lordship is acquainted with the affair, and here and please you are the criminals.

Lub. My Lord, if it shall please you, I'll tell you the long and the short on't. The Bailly here says, that we must be married to have children, and that we can't be married, because we are cousins ; and so, that being, we are guilty of a great sin ; and that all the world will cry out shame of us ; and that if any harm happens in the country, we shall be the cause of it.—In short, and please your Lordship's honour, the Bailly gives us to the Devil ; and so, as a body may say, we recommend ourselves to your Lordship.

The Lord. (Constraining a laugh) My children, the Bailiff is right—But comfort yourselves, and tell me ingenuously the whole truth.

Lub. There ! did not I tell you his Lordship would

22 ANNETTE AND LUBIN:

would be kind to us? Speak to his honour, Annette.

A I R,

A N N E T T E.

*My Lord, and please you, him and I,
Morn, noon, and night, in every weather,
From little children, not this high,
In the same cottage liv'd together.*

*Our parents left me to his care,
Saying, let no one put upon her :
No, that I won't, says he, I swear !
And he ne'er lies, and like your honour,*

II.

*As I was saying, we grew up
For all the world, sister and brother ;
One never had nor bit nor sup,
Unless it was partook by t'other ;*

*And, I am sure, instead of me,
Were it a Dutcheß, he had won her ;
He is so good ! and P'ee, d'ye see,
A tender heart, and like your honour.*

III.

*But, woe is ours, now comes the worst ;
To-day our sorrows are beginning ;
What I thought love—oh, I shall burst !
That nasty Bailly says was sinning :*

With

*With Lubin, who, of all the bliss
 I ever tasted, is the donor,
 I took delight to toy and kiss;—
 'Till I'm with child, and like your honour.*

And so, my Lord, you see what has happened ;
 and if I have done any harm, I shall die with
 shame.

Lub. Pray don't let Annette die, my Lord—
 I should die too, and that would be a pity.—If
 you could but have seen how we lived together
 before this Old Bailly came and frighten'd us so,
 Nothing was ever so gay—All that vexes us is,
 he says my child won't know its father nor mo-
 ther, and that it will reproach us with its birth.

An. 'Twill reproach me in my grave then.

The Lord. They really interest me—Don't
 afflict yourselves, you are not criminal, you are
 only unfortunate : if you were rich, you might
 obtain a permission to love and be united : 'tis not
 just that, because you are poor, you should be de-
 nied so equitable a desire.—I'll take this matter
 upon myself, and the week shall not pass before I
 procure a dispensation from the church, to re-
 ward your innocence and affection as it deserves.

A I R.

Bailly. *His Lordship really is too good !
 What will the people say !
 Marry two folks one flesh and blood !—
 Henceforth young maids will stray.*

The

24 ANNETTE AND LUBIN, &c.

*The wolf will creep
Among the sheep,
Corn will on fire be set,
What can come less,
From the wickedness
Of Lubin and Annette!*

Annette. *Peace, mister Bailey—for my Lord
Has now untied my tongue;
And I may bold put in my word—
I own we've been so wrong.
Our former shame
Each fair should blame,
And yet, without regret,
Might imitate
The future state
Of Lubin and Annette.*

Lubin. *Wounds let us talk, and talk again!
He'll never get his ends;
His spite will give me little pain
If here we find but friends.
Forgive's the word!
You see my lord
Has the example set;
Do'e then, pray,
Clap hands, and say,
Smile Lubin and Annette!*

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THE END.

